

The Adams Sentinel.

A Family Journal---Devoted to Foreign and Domestic News, Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Science and Art, Amusement, Advertising, &c. &c.

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ROBERT G. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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RESIST WITH CARE THE SPIRIT OF INNOVATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, HOWEVER SPECIOUS THE PRETEXTS.—Washington.

VOL. LVI.

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1856.

NO. 50.

Christ Poetry.

THE LIGHT AT HOME.

The light at home! how bright it beams
When evening shadows round us fall,
And from the lattice far it gleams,
To love, and rest, and comfort call.
Who would not sit, and watch the day,
And wait for him, who comes at night,
How sweet to see the light at home,
Where he is, and where he is not.

When I go through the dark and stormy night,
The wayward wind and howling rain,
How cheering is that twinkling light,
Which shines from the window-pane.
The light at home! how bright it beams,
And how it calls me to my home.

The light at home! how bright it beams,
When evening shadows round us fall,
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Miscellaneous.

A Woman's Smile.

One of our exchanges—the editor of which has evidently been warming himself in the sunshine of a pretty face—has the following:—“A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape; it embellishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, or insipidity is the result; nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remain passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceitful grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the line of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinctive character—some announce goodness and sweetness, others latent sarcasm, bitterness, and pride; some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness, others brighten it by their brilliant and spiritual vivacity. Gazing and poring over a mirror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps untroubled from the reflection of evil, and is illumined and beautified by all sweet thoughts.”

Gethsemane.

Lieutenant Lynch, of the United States Exploring Expedition to the River Jordan and the Red Sea, in 1848, visited the Garden of Gethsemane about the month of May. He says:—“The cluster upon the ground was in bloom, and altogether, the garden, in its aspects and associations, was better calculated than any place I know, to soothe a troubled spirit. Eight venerable trees, isolated from the smaller and less imposing ones which skirt the pass of the Mount of Olives, form a consecrated grove. High above, on either hand, towers a lofty mountain, with the deep yawning chasm of Jehoshaphat between them. Over one of them is a living city; on the slope of the other is the great Jewish Cemetery—City of the Dead. Each tree in this grove, considered, and knarled, and furrowed by age, yet beautiful and impressive in its decay, is a living monument of the suffering scenes that have taken place beneath and around it. The olive tree that is itself; from the root of the dying parent stem, the tree springs into existence. These are seen under one thousand years old. Under those of the preceding growth, therefore, the Saviour was wont to rest; and one of the present may mark the very spot where he knelt, and prayed, and wept. No cavilling doubt can find entrance here. The geographical boundaries are too distinct and clear for an instant's hesitation. Here the Christian, forgetful of the present, and absorbed in the past, can resign himself to rest, yet nothing meditation. The few purple and crimson flowers growing about the roots of the tree, will give him ample food for contemplation, for they tell of the suffering and unrequited death of the Redeemer.”

Big and Little Troubles.

The sting of a war, or the prick of a pin, often gives more acute pain than the gash inflicted by a lance. So, as we pass through life, our minor sorrows are frequently harder to bear than our great afflictions. Very heavy trouble either deadens our sense of suffering by the violence of the shock, or else excites an uncontrolled and unwholesome strength, which enables us to stand firm against the blow. But the minor evils of life annoy us—irritate us; we chafe against them. And thus it is that we often see those whom we have most reverence for, having nobly borne great trials, the first to sink under lesser ones.

“I would not Live Away.”

“I would not live away amid the din and rattle of life—amid the racing, clashing passions of men. I long to go home and be at rest where the flowers fade not, and where the noise of human strife is not heard; where the song of the redeemed forever swell the praises of my blessed Master, and where I shall see my Saviour for myself, and not for another.”

LOOKING FOR A WIFE.

“I hardly know which I like best, Josephine Reynolds or Hattie Burke,” said young Benson to himself. “Josephine is a splendid looking girl, a queen in every movement, and commands admiration wherever she goes; but, in the other hand, Hattie is a little gem, and has a sweet disposition, although, perhaps, Josephine has a good deal more to show in the parlor, and for aught I know, in the kitchen also, as all farmers' daughters should be able to do—Well I'll call on them this Monday afternoon, and endeavor to decide between them. It's washing day, I know, but so early the better time to sound them on household duties; and as I am going out of town in the fore part of this week, it will be a good excuse for calling now.”

George Benson was a smart, intelligent young man, poor, but engaged in a profitable business, which had in a few years placed him in independent circumstances. He wished to marry, but felt the necessity of marrying some one who was domestic, and would be a help-mate.

He was very much interested in Hattie and Josephine, and hardly knew which he should prefer for a wife, as both had many excellent qualities, but finally concluded to decide in favor of the one who would be the more domestic.

George's walk that afternoon brought him to Mr. Reynolds' about three o'clock. Josephine's mother ushered him into the parlor. In a few moments Josephine entered and welcomed him cordially. To his surprise, instead of being fatigued, as one will, after a Monday's washing, she looked as fresh and blooming as a rose, and as true in her dress as though ready for a party, while her mother, in her calico working dress, looked faded and worn, and referred by way of apology to its being washing day, and soon left the room.

“Excuse my calling on Monday, Miss Reynolds,” said George, “but I was going to leave town for a week, and I thought I would happen in for a few moments before I went.”

“Oh, you are perfectly excusable,” replied Josephine, “I am very glad you called.”

“I shall make but a short stay,” continued George, “as I presume you are quite weary with your—”

“Oh, no, not at all, I have been down to the village shopping all the afternoon. Mother always does the washing, as I haven't any taste that way.”

“Then you have been at liberty all day?” “Yes, certainly—washing day is not different from any other with me. I never did a Monday's washing in my life. Mother tried to initiate me into the mysteries of the art one day, but I was so awkward that she had to give up the experiment; and she said then that there was no danger of my ever becoming a wash-woman.”

“Father,” continued Josephine, “would hire the washing done every week, but mother says she had rather do it herself for economy's sake.”

“A knowledge of house work, especially of cooking, is very desirable to a young lady,” replied George.

“I suppose it was once considered so, replied Josephine; but now-a-days gentlemen hire their wives a wash-woman, and a house-keeper, and that answers every purpose, and saves a lady the trouble of acquainting herself with such disagreeable matters. Gentlemen of the present day do not wish their wives to be slaves and companions.”

“Very convenient logic for the ladies,” thought George.

“Some have a taste for such duties, and prefer to make themselves acquainted with them,” said he; “for the sake of overseeing their servants and knowing for themselves that things are done as they should be, if for no other purpose.”

“True, but I am not one of that sort, I labor them. Housework is perfectly hateful—detestable to me. O, dear! I should consider a man cruel who wished me to enslave myself to it, even a part of the time.”

“Well,” continued George, drawing a long breath, for he was surprised to hear Josephine express herself directly contrary to all his previous notions of woman's duties, “a lady sometimes marries a poor man, and finds it for her and his interests to confine herself to circumstances, and attend to duties which are not agreeable to her, for the sake of assisting her husband and rendering his burden light.”

were done properly, for Josephine is very far above such detestable matters, as she styles them.”

“A man that's going to have such a wife ought to know it in season, to get initiated into household mysteries before marriage. Such a Miss may do well enough for rich men, but not for me. Now, for Hattie Burke, and if she turns out like Josephine, in her tastes and dislike of domestic duties, setting aside the knowledge of them, which she cannot avoid having, as all say her mother drilled her thoroughly in them, and is full of whims relating to their being slavish, &c., why then I'll seek a life companion in some other part of the country, and perhaps make it a part of my present journey to look for one.”

Hattie welcomed him in an old calico dress, with short sleeves, a *la* wash-tub, and with her brown hair, that generally curled so beautifully, gathered up neatly and snugly on the back of her head.

“I suppose I should apologize,” said she, as they entered the parlor, “but I dislike apologies, and then you know Monday is washing-day, and we farmers' daughters have to be in the ends then.”

“And there's where I hoped to find you,” George came near saying, but checking himself, replied, “I know it; it's a part of a woman's duties, and I am sure an apology would be out of place.”

“So I thought,” returned Hattie.

“I fear I am intruding,” said George.

“Oh, by no means,” replied Hattie; “we are through with our washing, which held out later than usual, as mother is quite unwell for a week, and I am obliged to do the whole of it to-day. You will stay to tea of course; it will be perfectly convenient.”

“Mother's headache has come on, and she has lain down, but father will be in presently to entertain you.”

George's countenance was brightening every moment, and he began to think his fears groundless in regard to Hattie, but he was resolved to test her ideas thoroughly.

“You appear to enjoy good health, notwithstanding your labor,” he continued.

“Oh yes,” returned Hattie, “I'm generally pretty healthy, and then I'm fond of it, too, and you know that is half the battle. Mother even says so far as to say, sometimes, ‘I can cook and take care of the house as well as she; but then that's her flattery, of course, to encourage me.’”

“But such work is hard, some say slavish,” continued George.

“I think differently, replied Hattie; it is not slavish, and not so hard as many count it to make it. There is a right way to do work. Some have what is called a knack, but that is fading out the easiest way of doing it well; one can make housework comparatively easy in that way.”

“Well, some consider it a disgrace,” continued her mother, “and others complain they have no taste for it.”

“It is not a disgrace,” said Hattie; “on the contrary, I think a young lady may be proud of a knowledge of housekeeping—Many of the first ladies of the land have not felt above it, and why should I, who am a farmer's daughter? As for the taste that way, a girl might as well acquire one first as last. A man's wife must understand such things, and the time to learn is when single. I often think how ashamed I would be, if married, and unable the first day of commencing housekeeping, to cook my husband a decent meal. What would he think! Why, that I was a mere dolt, good for nothing but to look at; I should cry for sheer vexation.”

“Well, really, I begin to think, Hattie,” said George, “that you would even consent to marry a man who would expect you to do housework all your days if you loved him, as you seem to make such an agreeable business of it; but I should have little respect for the man who subjected you to it unconsentingly.”

The Smith of Ragenbach.

In the principality of Hohenlohe, Leuzenburgh, is a village called Ragenbach, where about twenty years ago the following heart-rending but also heroic event took place. One afternoon in the early spring of autumn, my kind informant did not exactly know which, in the tavern room of Ragenbach, several men and women having assembled from the village, sat at their ease, none anticipating what would happen on that eventful day. The Smith formed one of the merry company, a strong, vigorous man, with a resolute countenance and daring mien, but also with such a good natured smile upon his lips that every one who saw him admired him. Every evil disposed person shunned him, for the villain Smith would allow nothing wrong in his presence, and it was not advisable to have anything to do with him except in a proper manner. His arms were like bars of iron, and his fists like forge-hammers, so that few could equal his strength of body.

The brave Smith sat near the door chatting with one of his neighbors, I know not what; all at once the door sprang open, and a large dog came staggering into the room, a great, strong, powerful beast, with a ferocious, frightful aspect, his head was hanging down and his eyes bloodshot, his red colored tongue hanging half way out of his mouth and his tail dropped between his legs—Thus the ferocious beast entered the room.

Out of which there was no escape but by one door. Scarcely had the Smith's neighbor, who was but-keeper of the place, seen the animal, when he became deathly pale, sprang up and exclaimed with a hoarse voice, “Good Heavens, the dog is mad!”

Then rose in outcry! the room was full of men and women, and the foaming beast stood before the only entrance; no one could leave without passing him. He snarled savagely right and left, and no one could pass him without being bitten. This increased the horrible confusion. All sprang up and slunk from the furious dog, with agonizing countenances. Who should deliver them from him? The Smith also stood among them, and as he saw the anguish of the people, it flashed across his mind how many of his happy and contented neighbors would be made miserable by a mad dog, and he formed a resolution, the like of which is scarcely to be found in the history of the human race for high-mindedness and nobleness. Certainly his brown cheek paled a little, but his eyes sparkled with divine fire, and an elevated resolution shone from the smooth brow of the simple-minded man.

“Back all!” thundered he, with his deep strong voice. “Let no one stir, for no one can vanquish the beast but I. One victim must fall in order to save all, and I will be that victim. I will hold the brute, and whilst I do so, make your escape.” The Smith had scarcely spoken these words, when the dog started towards the shrieking people. But he went not far. “With God's help!” cried the Smith, and rushed upon the foaming beast, seized him with an iron grasp, and dashed him to the floor.

Oh, what a terrible struggle followed! The dog bit furiously upon every side in a most frightful manner. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic Smith, but he would not let him loose. Regardless alike of the excessive pain and horrible death which must ensue, he held down with an iron grasp the snarling, hissing, howling brute until all had escaped—till all were rescued and in safety. He then flung the half-strangled beast from him against the wall, and dripping with blood and venous foam, he left the room, looking the door after him. Some persons shot the dog through the windows. But oh! merciful God, what will become of the brave, unfortunate Smith?

Weeping and lamenting, the people surrounded him, who had saved their lives at the expense of his own. “Be quiet, my friends, do not weep for me,” he said, “one must die in order to save the others. Do not thank me, for I have only performed my duty. When I am dead think of me with love, and pray for me that God will not let me suffer long or too much. I will take care that no further mischief shall occur through me, for I certainly must become mad.” He went straight to his workshop, and selected a strong chain, the heaviest and firmest from his whole stock. He then, with his own hands, welded it upon his own limbs and around the anvil so firmly that no power on earth could break it.

“There,” said he, “it's done,” after silently and solemnly completing the work. “Now I am secure, and indisputable; so long as I live, bring me my food. The rest I leave to God; into his hands I commend my spirit.” Nothing could save the brave Smith, neither tears, lamentations and prayers. Madness seized him, and after many days he died—but truly, he died only to awake in a more beautiful and glorious life at the right hand of God. He died, but his memory will live from generation to generation, and will be remembered to the end of time.

Search history through, and you will find no action more glorious and sublime than the deed of this simple-minded man, the Smith of Ragenbach. It is easy for noble minds to do the like. Will not I, or Martha, or you, the high spirited man, youth, but to go to the center with the certainty of death, and moreover, being obliged to wait a death so awful, during long, fearful hours and days—that is to die, not once, but a thousand times. And such a death was that of the Smith of Ragenbach. Such a sacrifice the Smith of Ragenbach made in order to save his neighbors. May his memory ever be sacred.—Paul Christian.

There are so many tender and holy emotions flying about in our inward world, which, like angels, can enter and assume the body of an outward act; so many rich and lovely flowers spring up, which bear no seed, that it is a happiness poetry was invented, that receives into its limbs all those incorporeal spirits, and the perfume of all these flowers.

There is a sad thing when men have not their hearts enough to speak well, nor judgment to hold their tongues; this is the foundation of all impudence.

Somebody describing the absurd appearance of a man dancing the polka, says “he looks as though he had a hole in his pocket, and was trying to shake a shilling down the leg of his trousers.”

A coroner's jury in New York has returned a verdict that a child, on which an inquest was held, came to its death by receiving a leap-frog of “G. G. G. G. G.”

“What is the matter with you, Jack?” “Why, there's a new girl come out, with twelve thousand a year, and I can't wait any longer, I'm going to marry her, who has only fifteen thousand.”

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An Irish Wager.

“Nave hand you are, thin, my darling!” said one Irish bricklayer to another; “you mount the ladder with your head full of stones, and scatter 'em on the heads of us as you go. Oh! blatheration, blood and ouns!” by them that's holy, I'd carry yourself up, from the flats to the roof, and down again, without your head spilt.”

“You don't do it, sir!” returned the fellow-laborer; “I'd lay a trifle you couldn't.” “For a pint of whiskey I would, tho'—it is the likes of you I might not lift?—D'ye take my bet, honey?”

“Fith, I'll bet my hide against yer pint, and that's a fair trade, that you can't.” “In wid your dirty karkas, and we'll thray it.”

Fearful as the experiment may seem, it was successful. When two-thirds up the ladder, Paddy roared out—

“N'Carty, ye devil ye, sit aisy, or I'll spill ye!”

“Sure, an' isn't it that I'd be after having ye do?” returned Mac.

When safe landed, he exclaimed—

“I didn't think it was in the likes of ye. As it happens, you've won—I'm bated; but just as we was coming to the third story I was in hops!”

What queer names some unfortunate mortals are blessed with! We heard of a family in Detroit whose sons were named One Sweeney, Two Sweeney, Three Sweeney, and whose daughters were named First Sweeney, Second Sweeney, and so on. The three children of another family were named Joseph, And, and Another, and it has been supposed that should they have any more, they might have them named Also, Moreover, Nevertheless, and Notwithstanding. Another family actually named their child Finis, supposing it was their last, but they happened afterward to have a daughter and two sons, whom they called Addenda, Appendix, and Supplement.

Another parent set out to perpetuate the Twelve Apostles, and named the fifth child Aes. A man in Pennsylvania called his second son James Also, and the third William Likewise.

Steering by Starlight. A story is told of “a green hand” on board of a coasting vessel, who couldn't learn to steer by the mariner's compass. It was a clear, starlight night, and the captain told him to head the vessel towards a bright particular star, which he pointed out. This was done, and for a short time all was right; but before long she was veering widely from her true course, and rushing rapidly before the wind.

“Aldi there, gentlemen, at the wheel!” roared the excited command. “Port ye helm! What do you mean? Where's the star?”

“Dear captain,” timidly replied the devoted helmsman, “keep cool—don't get excited—never mind, I lost that star, but found another brighter and better than the one you showed me.”

“John!” quoth the gentle Julia to her sleepy lord one warm morning, at a late hour, “I wish you would take pattern by the thermometer!”

“As how?” murmured her worse half, sleepily opening his optics.

“Why—by rising.”

“H'm—I wish you'd imitate the other fidgeting that hangs up by it—the barometer.”

“Why so?”

The Sources of the Mississippi River.

Lift a bucket of water from the Mississippi river at New Orleans, and ask yourself the question, “From whence it came,” and the answer may be: From the sandy deserts of New Mexico, from the pine hills of Carolina, from the rolling craters of Nebraska, or from the cotton fields of Georgia, from the British possessions, north of the 49th degree of latitude, separated by a thin ridge of ice covered rocks from streams that flow into the Arctic Ocean, or from bowers of orange and magnolia that perfume the cane fields of Louisiana; from the frozen lakes that gem the bosom of Minnesota and Wisconsin, or from the runny fountains that gush up from the flowery plains of Alabama and Tennessee; from the lake-bound peninsula of Michigan; from the hill sides of waving grain in Pennsylvania and New York; from the tobacco fields of Virginia and Maryland.

It may be part of those mighty volumes that roll their never tiring waves through Iowa and Missouri, through Illinois, Indiana and Ohio; through Kentucky and Arkansas, Mississippi and Texas. It is a part of the ten thousand thousand little rills that come hymning their way from that mountain range wherein arise the Columbia and the Colorado of the West, or of those from whence the Delaware and Susquehanna hasten away to meet the rising sun.

In the spurs of the Allegheny it has saluted the springs of the Rappahannock and the Saluda, and far beyond the Black Hills it has looked arms with the mighty Saskatchewan as he hurries on his cheerless journey to Hudson's Bay. The Springs of the Conango listen to the roar of Niagara, and the fountains of the Platte overlook the craters of the extinct volcanoes of Utah.

It has fertilized a country greater than the empire of Alexander, and has carried a richer commerce than all the rivers tributary to Imperial Rome.—Louisville Journal.

Destruction of an old Historical Landmark.—The bright light which lit up the heavens so brilliantly on Friday night, denoted the burning, in Jeffersonville, of perhaps the only building of historical interest in this vicinity. It was the house in which General William H. Harrison lived when he was the Governor of the North Western Territory. In the old frame tenement, with its brick basement and weather-stained front, and crumbling, time-eaten roof, resided for several years the great Indian conqueror, whose name, in connection with his victories and many virtues, occupies a household word throughout the Union. There he ruled that vast portion of our confederacy known as the States of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and the Territory of Minnesota. Thence he issued his orders—there he received the legislators, and there he dispensed that famous latch-string-of-hospitality which, in 1840, became so celebrated.—Louisville Courier.

A beautiful incident occurred lately, illustrative of the reward one sometimes gets for doing good to others. A gentleman, going along Washington street, Boston, observed a lady very heavily floundered and hooped, endeavoring to lift her dress to a passable attitude to avoid the dirt. The task seemed to be a heavy one, and the gentleman rushed forward, begging her to allow him to hold it up for her. To his great sorrow she called him impertinent, and threatened likewise to call a policeman who stood near.

Sectionalism. In 1868, George Clinton ran for President on the same ticket with John Leland, of New Hampshire, and nobody thought of objecting to them on the ground of sectionalism.

In 1812, De Witt Clinton ran for the Presidency along with Jared Ingersoll, of Pa., for Vice President.

In 1816, Rufus King was nominated for President with John E. Howard, of Mass., for Vice President.

In 1820, John Quincy Adams and Richard Stockton, of N. J., were associated together as candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency.

In 1824, there were four tickets of this kind in the field for the highest office in the gift of the people. Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun headed one of them; John Q. Adams and Nathan Sanford, another; Wm. H. Crawford and Nathaniel Macon, another; and Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson, another.

In 1828, Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun ran together on the same ticket, and were elected—John Q. Adams, and Richard Rush of Pennsylvania, being the opposing candidates.

In 1836, Wm. H. Harrison and Francis Granger, headed one ticket; Hugh L. White and John Tyler, another, and Willie P. Mangum and Wm. Smith another.

Thus it appears that no less than thirteen Presidential tickets have been run since the organization of the government, taken either from the North or from the South, not one of which was ever objected to on the ground of sectionalism. The charge or cry of sectionalism which is now raised by the Fillmoreites and Buchananites against Fremont, has no better foundation than a similar charge would have had against Jackson. It has no other object than to frighten timid people. It is about the only remaining stock in trade of these desperate politicians; and they hope to win by it. But it has lost its potency with the masses, and has no effect upon them. They justly regard Fremont as the only truly national candidate in the field; and are rallying around him as they rallied to the support of Jefferson; and will place him in the Presidential Chair by a triumphant majority.

Horrible State of Affairs in Africa. The Rev. Mr. Beucham, a member of the “London Wesleyan Mission,” has recently returned from a visit to Africa, and in a sketch of the negroes inhabiting the Gold Coast and its vicinity, which we find in the Honolulu Religious Journal, he furnishes a picture exceeding in horrors anything we had yet believed of beings wearing the human form. Who can read without a shudder of such bloody deeds and Pandemonium customs as those which he records:

“Scarce has one of their bloody customs been abandoned since they first became known to Europeans. They will even pave their court yards, places and even the streets or market places of their villages or towns with the skulls of those butchered in wars, at feasts, funerals, or as sacrifices to Bosom. When Adahansen died, two hundred and eighty of his wives were butchered before the arrival of his successor, which put a stop to it, only to increase the flow of blood and the number of deaths in other ways. The remaining living wives were buried alive, amid dancing, singing and howling, the noise of muskets, horns, drums, yells, groans and screeches. The victims were marched along with large knives passed through their cheeks. The executioners struggle for the bloody office, while the victims look on and endure with apathy.”

“Upon the death of the king's brother, four thousand lives were thus sacrificed.—Upon the death of a king of Ashantee, a general massacre takes place, and there can be no computation of the number of victims. At their Yam customs, Mr. Bowditch (another Englishman) witnessed a horrible sight. Fivety cabocers, or noble, sacrificed a slave as he entered the gate. Heads and skulls formed the ornaments in their procession. The blood of the victims is collected and quaffed as a delicious beverage. The king of Dahomey paves the approaches to his palace and the battlements of his castles with the skulls of his victims, and the great Fetich tree, at Badagry, has its wide-spread branches laden with human carcasses and limbs.”

From such awful scenes as these the negro has been removed to a country which, according to the admission of the bitterest foes of the slaveholding system, he may often approach the piety and intelligence of “Uncle Tom.” Surely this is a very broad stride from his original state of bloody barbarity, and, with wise measures and the prevalence of those moderate counsels which always take what has been done as well as what is to be effected into view, what may we not hope for “Uncle Tom,” as the years move on in their steady course? Rome was not built in a day. We cannot expect to raise the ignorant Coffee of a Carolina cotton field into a being adapted for social equality with the whites by the violent blow of immediate emancipation. Let us labor for the advancement of all humanity, and still true progress compels us to “Give our time.”—Ph. Ed. Journal.

Later from Liberia.

Ex-President Roberts, of Liberia, in a letter to the Colonization Journal dated London, August 22, mentions his safe arrival at Liverpool by the Persia. He also mentions having in England received letters from Liberia to the 15th of July, without news of importance beyond the arrival at Monrovia of Dr. John Z. Forney, as United States commercial agent. He expresses his belief that Dr. Forney will be recognized, though there was opposition.—The New York Commercial has received files of the Liberia Herald to the 6th of August. The Herald urges the recognition of Dr. Forney, notwithstanding our government has not yet formally recognized the republic of Liberia. It says:

“The government of Liberia can do so with perfect consistency, before a formal recognition takes place, provided, however, there has already been a virtual acknowledgment; and provided further, that the necessary preliminaries are settled between the two governments defining their relations to each other with respect to all the rights and purposes of nationality; as also settling such as will afford an honorable basis of national intercourse, and for the adjustment of any question that may arise between the two governments. We should not concern ourselves so much about empty forms, so we have guaranteed to us a realization and enjoyment of the substance. The object desired to be effected is simply this; while we in no wise compromise the honor and dignity of this Republic as an independent nation—which is a primary consideration—we at the same time carefully avoid giving any reasonable cause of offence to the United States government.”

The Herald adds that Dr. Forney has already received himself very popular there. President Benson had visited Sierra, and the belligerent chiefs consented to terms of peace.

A new Protestant Episcopal Church, St. Paul's, had been opened in Monrovia, Rev. E. W. Spikes Rector.

The Liberia M. E. Conference now comprises 14 houses of worship, 22 missionaries, 12 parsonages, 25 teachers in week day schools, 1,407 communicants, 20,141 preachers.

Attempt to Mob a Judge.—The “Herald” (Ga.) Standard, of Thursday last, says:—

“We learn that a crowd of men were taken to mob Judge Brown in front of his residence last week, on account of his having found several of their friends in the courthouse. The marshal and all the court being present, came to his relief—He fired and imprisoned several of the mobsters to the extent of two years.”

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men and Wright, Cincinnati, 199.
Noyes—Mass., E. Ry., C. V. ver, Col.
Fallon, Gibboney, Himes, Hancock, L.
Ry., England, Leisinger, Magee, M.
Morris, Patterson, Salisbury and Winter
16.

So the question was determined in the
affirmative.


Secretary's Office,
Harrisburg, June 27, 1856.

Pennsylvania, ss:

I do certify that the above and foregoing
a true and correct copy of the "Year-
"Nays" taken on the Resolution propos-
ments to the Constitution of the
monwealth for the session of 1856.

Witness my hand and the
of said office, this twenty-se-
day of June, one thousand and
hundred and fifty-six.

A. G. CURTIN,
Sec'y of the Commw.



AYER'S PILLS

PILLS THAT ARE PILLS!

PROF. HAYES, State Chemist, of Massachusetts, says they are the best of all Pills, a novel one the men who certify that Doct. knows, viz :
 General Shaw, Chief Justice Supreme Court
 Emory Washburn, Governor of Mass.
 W. C. Plunkett, Lieut. Gov. of Mass.
 Edward Everett, Ex Sec. of State and Sen. U. S.
 Robert C. Winthrop, Ex-Speaker House R. S.
 About Lawrence, Minister Plenipot. to Brazil.
 † John B. Fitzpatrick, Catholic Bishop of BOSTON.
 MEN THAT ARE MEN!

toasting rapidly, we may mention
"Costiveness, Difficult Complaints, Rheum-
atizms, Heartburn, Headache arising from
indigestion, Nausea, Indolence, Morbid man-
ners, Plethora, and various diseases, Flac-
idity, Loss of Appetite, and Ulcerous and Can-
cerous Diseases, which require an evacuant Me-
dication, or King's Elix." They also, by pu-
ring the blood and stimulating the System, cure
Complaints which it would not be supposed
capable of curing, as Paralysis, Dropsy, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derange-
ment of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other
complaints, arising from a low state of the
or obstructions of its functions. They are
Purgatives of the truest character, and yel-
low bile, and the most efficacious medicine
known, as proved by DR J. C. AYER, Lowell,
and sold by A. D. BUCHER, Georgetown,
Mass. and by Druggists generally.
Mar. 25.

CASE YOUR BREED FROM THE
TESTS, FOR AFTER MANY DAYS
YE SHALL FIND IT."

A Certain Cure for Rheumatic Pain
Don't condemn, but try it, it cannot
fail. It is a S. J. C. & Co. N. Y.

Concentrated Electric Paste, and
ARABIAN PAIN EXTRACT
 FOR MAN AND HORSE.
 (Copy Right secured according to law.)
 Small Jar, - - - - - Fifty
 Large Jar, - - - - - One L.

The Electric Paste acts upon the Muscles, Tendons, and upon the whole nervous system, removing torpidity, and producing a healthy action of the blood. There being no vegetable matter in its composition it remains in

until it accomplishes its work. It cannot
its strength, and is altogether harmless
constituent parts being entirely vegetable.

WHAT WILL IT CURE?

We answer—Rheumatic Pains, when
they else Eels, Cramps, Cholera, Gout,
blains, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Head
Tooth Ache, Swellings, Bruises, Sores,
Worm, Tetter, Stiff Joints, Contracted
Fresh Cuts, Ulcerated Sores, and all Sore
Diseases, where external remedies can be
Sore Throats, Stiff Neck, &c.

What it will cure for Horses and
the Maney Scurvy, Blisters, &c.

Winds, Galls, Ulcers, Clotie, Sprains, Cuts,
Saddle Galls, Stone Bruises, Stiff Joints,
Tigo, Splinters, and Running Sores.

For sale at the Patent Medicine
of H. A. Rookshild & Co., next de
Krauph's Clothing Store, East Orange
Linchester, Pa. General Agent and by
BUEHLER, Agent for Gettysburg.

None genuine, but those bottles
the words "E. C. ALLEN'S Concentrat
beetrie Paste, or Arabian Pain Extractor
beetrie Paste, or Arabian Pain Extractor

627 Letters upon business, address
 Allen, care of H. A. Rockafield & Co. L
 ter, Pa.
 628 Look out for Counterfeits. Don't
 get to work for Allen's.
 April 28.
BOOKS!! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!
To Readers, Teachers & Others
DO YOU WANT ANY—
 Mathematical.
 Miscellaneous.
 Theological,
 Prætical.

Religious,
 Classical,
 Poetical,
 Sporting,
 Medical,
 School,
 Law,
 Book, Magazine, Periodical, or News,
 published in Europe or America?
 If so, send your order to us accompanied
 the money and we will send you the

If more money is sent than the
 amount we will send the balance be
 Address: **GAZLEY & CO.**
 100, Queen's & Market, of Canal street,
 Aug. 11.

TAILORING.

J. H. SKELLY respectfully informs his old customers and the public generally that he continues the TANNING BUSINESS at his new stand, in South Park street, where he will be happy to accommodate his patrons. All who are disposed to patronize him, will be glad to hear that he is now arranged to fit and be a useful member. Thankful for past & collect a continuance of public patronage. *For New York Spring and Summer.*

Corn Dryers.
THE attention of MILLERS is invited to a very superior article for drying which can be had at all times at
Jas. H. WARREN'S FOUNDRY
SUB-SOIL PLOUGHS,
Of the best quality, always on hand.

April 19. T. WARREN
LINENRY GOODS at
Oct. 8. FAHNESTOCK

Another Broadside from John M. Botts.

The most slashing speech of the present campaign was delivered by John M. Botts at Petersburg, Va., on the 27th ult. The speech was in reply to speeches made at Richmond by Mr. Robert A. Scott, the same man who obtained some notoriety by his famous letter to the Presidential aspirants in 1852—and by Gov. Wise. These gentlemen took occasion to denounce Mr. Botts in the most vehement manner, and Gov. Wise went so far as to advise the Mayor of Richmond to prosecute Mr. Botts for treason.

Mr. Botts, in commencing his speech, defended himself from the charge of treason, and turned the tables by charging treason upon Gov. Wise himself. He dissected and denounced the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the doctrine of Secession and its author, Mr. Calhoun, blaming Mr. Clay for having interfered to prevent Gov. Jackson from hanging Mr. Calhoun when he raised the nullification flag in 1832-3; and fully and thoroughly dissected the Texas question and compromise of 1850, and the effect which the legislation in regard to those questions had upon the country. He declared that Fremont had given occasion to disunion to the South, and charged the Democracy with all the evils which now afflict the country, and those which seem to be in prospect. The whole slavery question was declared to be an arrant humbug, in the following emphatic language:

"There never was so arrant and so impudent a humbug attempted to be preached upon the credulity of humanity as this question of slavery. Why gentlemen, slavery is in no more danger than the coat on my back is of being taken away—and half as much, because they talked of lynching me, I believe; and yet I am not afraid of any body taking my coat off, nor am I afraid that any man in this State will dare lay his hands upon my coat. This is all baby talk. It would not have alarmed me when I was in a nursery, five years old; and it disturbs me just about as much as that singular noise my friend made over yonder a while ago. (Laughter.)

"How is slavery in danger? Who is to trouble it? Who proposes to trouble it? There is not a man in America I won't say that, for there are some fools and madmen in America. I was about to say that there is not a man in America that would disturb the institution of slavery as it now exists. (Cheers.) I dare say that such men as Phillips, Garrison, Smith, and others of that stamp would do it. They are a party in themselves. They don't act with the Republican party at the North.

But where is the man that is now in Congress, or that has been in it, that would interfere with the institution of slavery as it exists in the States? Not one. No gentlemen, that man has not been born, nor has he been begotten, that will hereafter dare interfere with the institution of slavery as it exists under the Constitution of the U. States. Not one. Marshall Ney had not the one hundredth part of the boldness that would be required to do it. But they will do this. They will resist the extension of slavery. They will resist the admission of slave States; that is what they will do. And why? Because of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

In 1854, when they repealed the compromise, what said the North to the South? Were they in favor of that repeal? No. They said, 'Gentlemen, we beg you not to disturb this compromise. We beg substantially. This question has been settled between the North and the South for thirty years, and in the name of God let it remain settled. We know we have the power, and we have no disposition to use it. No,' says the South, 'we will have no compromises. Compromises are unconstitutional. Well, then, what will you do?' the North said, 'You, who are in the minority, will have to control the question; or we who are in the majority, will control it. (Very well, said the South, 'go on. We of the minority will control it.'

You can readily understand the philosophy of this position. I might illustrate it, if necessary, by saying that if two of you say to five of you, we won't compromise the matter, assuming it to be some point of difficulty between us, there would be little use in your resorting to force or violence to acquire the control, we being so much in the majority. There would be little philosophy in that, I should suppose; and yet that is what they have said to the North. 'Very well,' said the North, 'we will control.' They made the issue; they have since provoked it, and now they insist upon it as the only question that shall be discussed in this canvass. They insist upon driving out of the canvass every other consideration.

What will you expect the North to do? They will resist the extension of the territory, and they will resist the extension of slave States. As Mr. Seward truly said, the day of compromises has passed away. And it has passed away by the judgment and decision of the democratic party, who alone are responsible. (Cheers.) Well, now, how are they going to disturb slavery as it exists in the States? Are they going to send an army down here to do so? I don't understand by what process they mean to do it.

I will tell you where the danger is. In your runaway slaves—a evil which has been greatly aggravated by the additional facilities of travel afforded by the railroads, and the greater intelligence which the slaves acquire by the increased intercourse through the same medium. Your remedy is, to prevent them as best you can, and punish an abductor wherever you can find him. There is another danger and that is by keeping the democratic party in power. (Cheers.)

Why do you want eighteen, nineteen or twenty slave States, instead of fifteen? Why? It is not because you have not got land enough to occupy all the slave labor at your command. It is not that. It is because you want to increase the political power of the South, to give her additional power in the Senate of the United States. For the same reason that you want it, the North do not want you to extend it. It does not increase the number of slaves, but increase the political power, and for that reason the North is opposed to it.

Well, now, if you repeat, on the other hand, that Fremont, the North Republican

candidate, is going to disturb the institution of slavery, you are mistaken. That either he or his party will do so I much doubt. Do not mistake this for an abolition sentiment—I mean to say, that power being the object of the party, I doubt very much if they would not behave themselves in power better than out of it."

Mr. Botts draws a faithful picture of Mr. Buchanan, concluding as follows: "Mr. Buchanan bears the character with all who know him of being this day—which, I say in all honesty and sincerity upon my honor and belief, (I may do the gentleman an injustice, but I do not mean to do it) I say, he stands, with a large majority of his own party as being about the most accomplished of I can use the term accomplished in such a connection—demagogue alive this day, except Gen. Cass. (Cheers.)

Mr. Botts then says that there was no other objection to Mr. Buchanan but the Oxford principle of might makes right. It should be enough to damn him in the estimation of the country. As for Mr. Fillmore, he says: "Having said this much about Buchanan, I have very little to say about Fillmore. I know it is not necessary I should speak of Fillmore. He has been President of the United States, and has shown himself what he was. I am very free to admit that Fillmore's record was not such as I would have approved up to the time that he succeeded to the Presidency after the death of Gen. Taylor. I plead the statute of limitation upon him, because he pleaded it for himself."

In another part of his speech, Mr. Botts again refers to Mr. Fillmore as follows: "It has been charged upon Mr. Fillmore that he said that the election of Fremont would be just cause for a dissolution of the Union. It is a libel upon Mr. Fillmore, and if he had said it, I would be the last man in the United States that would vote for him. Dissolve the Union because Fremont is elected? Well, if Fillmore is no better as they declare he is not, and the Union is to be dissolved, why not dissolve it if Fillmore is elected? And it comes to this at last, that the Democratic party are prepared to dissolve the Union rather than give up the spoils. (Cheers.) Aye, gentlemen, power and plunder are of more consequence to them than this consecrated Union. (Cheers.)

Mr. Botts then pays his respects to Mr. Robert A. Scott, the Richmond Enquirer, and the Editors of Virginia, in the most masterly style. What he said of Gov. Wise is so stinging and severe, and at the same time so just, that we must find room for them here.

"I come now to Quittabum Wise. (Loud cheers and laughter.) As I sit in judgment the little dogs have been barking long enough, and I have borne it all with patience until the big cur has grown insolent upon it. (Laughter and cheers.) They had supposed that they could bark and show their teeth with impunity. But when the governor of Virginia—I will say about cur that I mean it in a figurative sense—I don't mean to say that they are cures—but when I was proceeding to say, the Governor of Virginia has thought proper to descend from his public place, and enter into a low political meeting in Richmond, and there undertake to arraign me as a traitor, and, as I understand, said the Mayor of the city ought to issue his warrant for my apprehension, it is true that I should notice these attacks.

The Mayor of the city ought to issue a warrant for my apprehension. Is that the idea of the governor of Virginia about treason?—brought against the corporation of the city of Richmond? Why, if I am guilty of treason against the United States, why not issue his own warrant? He had the boldness to denounce me in private quarters, why not have the courage to issue his own warrant and have me apprehended? This is no trivial charge from one occupying his position that I am a traitor and that I ought to be arrested. He used other harsh remarks, one of which was that I would take office under Fremont if elected. I don't know how he learned that.

I am not going to make such a ridiculous fool of myself as to stand up before the people and make a fuss about this identifying me with Mr. Fremont. I do not find fault with my superior for saying that of me, because it was nothing but a repetition of what I said of him when I was in Stanton, some weeks ago. On that occasion, a gentleman was discussing about the dissolution of the Union in the event of Fremont's election. I ridiculed the idea, and some one said, who will fill the offices in the South? They cannot be filled except persons are sent here from the North. No Southern man will take office under him.

I say suppose he would not, suppose Mr. Fremont offers one half of the offices to the South and they don't choose to take them, is that any cause for the dissolution of the Union? He has discharged his duty. There will be no difficulty about getting a sufficient quantity of competent persons to fill the offices. They can get them before they want them. They can get them all in Virginia, and out of the Democratic ranks. I said, if anybody else would take office in Virginia, Gov. Wise would. (Laughter and cheers.) Somebody informed him that I made this remark, and he retaliated by making a similar charge upon me. I would not have mentioned that if he had not charged me with treason. (Laughter.) I can show of him what he has attempted, but failed to show of me. I will say that in 1844, when Tyler shook the thirty pieces of silver in my face, I took my fist in his face; but when he shook the thirty pieces in the face of Henry A. Wise, he betrayed his cowardice, put the money in his pocket, and went off to Brazil.

Gentlemen, are you aware of the fact that this madcap, Wise—(Laughter)—for I declare upon my honor if I had been called into a court to testify upon oath what I thought of Wise, I would say he was a crazy man, and do it under all the solemnities that attach to a man of honor—are you aware that Wise has issued his proclamation for offering all the militia of the State, and to hold themselves in readiness at his call? Do you know he has written to Fremont for the election of Fremont would be cause for the dissolution of the Union? Do you know that he has declared his purpose, if Fremont were elected, to march down to the mouth of James River to take possession of Old Point Comfort? (Laughter and cheers.) Now, if I did not wish that you, you might think I was joking about it.

Here is the proclamation. It appears in the Richmond Enquirer. (Mr. Botts here read the proclamation ordering the militia of the State to be duly organized.) Will serious men contemplate that? Well, now, Wise is not a natural fool, every body knows. (Laughter.) But is he not a madman? Does he suppose that the people of this State are going to listen to any such rash, ridiculous brag? I looked through the militia law to day, and I found that there is no power under the Constitution of the State to the extent that he would have us believe. He is the Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of Virginia, and with that, he proposes to take possession of these United States. (Laughter and cheers.) Gentlemen, there is nothing on God's earth can back him up but the vulgar fulcrum. (Laughter.) He can use the vulgar fulcrum, and make a figurehead of himself. (Laughter.) And if there is not money enough in the State to furnish them with what he calls their purchase from the Government, but all ends together, and I don't know anything that is going to suit so well. (Laughter.)

[The laughter and cheering were so great at this time as to render a word or two in this sentence inaudible to the reporter.]

There is nothing that can better carry out Wise's great scheme than to resort to this expedient; but it is to be feared he would be placed in a degrading position. Will not the men of sense in the country come to the rescue, and discourage and put down all such attempts at gasconading? It would be a good spectacle to see Wise at the head of an army of ragged troops, going to dissolve this Union, (laughter,) and that on account of Fremont's election! Neither the old Whig party, the American party, nor the Democratic party entertain an idea of this sort. No, it is only this madman of the Democratic party that contemplates anything of this sort. The masses of the people, the masses of the Democratic party, are just as sound upon this as we are. (Cheers.) No longer ago than this morning, the Enquirer says it is the duty of all the public presses and orators of the State to let the North know at once what the South will be bound to do in the event of Fremont's election. I have not time to dwell any longer upon the subject of Wise. There is a good deal more that might be said if I had the time."

From Salt Lake. We have received our issue of the Deseret "News" for August. There is but little worthy of record from Mormondom. The celebrations of the 24th of July, the anniversary of the settlement of the valley of Salt Lake, were very general, and the proceedings and toasts were decidedly unique. There must be a sad state of things in Salt Lake City, owing to the parched condition of the earth. The News of August 13th says: "Every accountable being in this city knows that City Creek is very low, that the soil is very dry, and that many fruit trees and plants are suffering through want of water. It is equally well known to be an extremely difficult matter to divide out the water with perfect exactness; and we presume that the water master and his assistants officiate in this matter with the best skill they have. But now follow the mysteries: some full-grown men and professed brethren water their gardens profusely, while those of their neighbors are parching with drought; others, whose lots are mostly in wheat, claim the same amount of water after the wheat is cut; others sink down a very little pile of onions, cabbages, beans, and a few squash vines, the whole not worth five dollars, with as much water as is allowed to a full lot, and others begrudge every drop of water that will give them a cucumber or cornstalk from which the leaves have been plucked, stealing part of the water to do so. While imported grafts are withering, when one of them is worth more than all the unproductive vine and maturing cornstalks on a large plot. We have ranked this conduct among the mysteries, though in fact it is not strange that some should yield to temptation here, and knowingly and recklessly infringe upon the rights of others."

As to the pinching want, we quote from a discourse delivered by Prof. Kimball, in which he says: "The people are out of grain and out of bread, and I have but little myself, and from what I see I should think that very many had none, for if you were to go to any house and say one day, you would be enough to enrage you; for they come in crowds and are hungry, and I feel to pity them, but I cannot feed all creation."

Utah must be a miserable country if the News tells the truth when it says: "As has been frequently observed, and as all passers-through well know, Deseret is not desirable by the Gentiles for settlement, and as soil and water will not mix, so the violent possession by Gentiles of the buildings and farms now gladdening these wastes, must needs, through their abandonment by the present owners, which would speedily cause their reversion to their elementary condition, and their evacuation by all Gentiles; for they will not labor where the soil is so constant and excessive, and the return therefrom so slight and uncertain. This, then, is a most excellent abiding place for Saints, because it contains nothing covetable by the Gentiles, nor even by apostates."

A Natural Consequence.—The Kenton By American says that "the whiskey crop will be greater this season than it has been for years in Kentucky." The other great Kentucky staple (wheat) will, it is thought, be proportionately in demand.

Soldier in Luck.—The New York Mirror says that Brevet Major George W. Brown, whose resignation was announced a few days since, has just married a beautiful wife and a property on the North river, worth half a million of dollars.

Manumitted.—A gentleman recently died near Stanton, Va., leaving a large property and several slaves. Previous to his death he called his servants around his bed, offering all those who wished to be released from bondage their freedom. Seven chose the latter. They are now on their way, in company with the executor of the estate, en route for Highland county, Ohio, where they intend to make their future home.

Another Fire in York.—On Tuesday night last, a fire broke out in the alley between Main and King streets, York, in the stable of Granville Hartman, and in a short time 18 buildings, all framed except one, were in flames, presenting a frightful appearance. Six houses and twelve barns and stables were consumed. This fire and the one on the preceding week laid waste a square and a half of buildings. The whole is the work of an incendiary.

Snow.—It is stated that the summits of the Blue Ridge and the highlands in Virginia, within sight of the Alexandria and Orange Railroad, were covered with snow on Wednesday.

At Richmond, Va., early on Wednesday morning, there was a sprinkling of snow. Considerable hail fell the night before. Passengers by the bay route report a fall of snow at Weldon, N. Carolina, also on Wednesday morning. At Charlottesville, Va., the tops of the houses were covered with snow.



THE ADAMS SENTINEL.

GETTYSBURG.

MONDAY, OCT. 20, 1856.

The Election. We had hoped that the Union ticket would prevail, in this County, on Tuesday last; but it appears we have been disappointed, at least in part. We had enough of material in reserve in one or two Townships, to have insured the election of our whole ticket, but it was not at the proper place on that day. However, it is useless now to lament about the matter—we hope they will feel it a duty to do better next time.

We have succeeded in electing three of our candidates.—Dr. HARNER for Associate Judge, Mr. MUSSELMAN for Assembly, and Mr. M'CELLAN for District Attorney.—The vote for Commissioner, &c. was very close, and victory might have been accomplished without much trouble. As it is, however, we must submit. The Democrats have now the control of the Board of Commissioners, and Directors of the Poor. Applicants for situations in their gift are very plenty already.

We have not heard the exact majority for Mr. BREWER in Franklin county; but he is elected to the State Senate from this District, by a small majority over Mr. CROOKS.

Mr. REILLY, the Democratic candidate for Congress, has a majority, we believe, in every County of the District, and is, of course, elected.

We shall give the majorities in both cases next week.

Pennsylvania. The returns have been very contradictory from a number of counties, but the last report leaves no doubt that the Democrats have carried the State Ticket by a very small majority. We shall give no figures until we give them correctly.

The probabilities are that we will have a majority of three in the Senate of this State, and the Democrats fire in the House of Representatives.

The returns for Congress in this State are very contradictory as yet; but it is thought the candidates will be about equally divided, as regards political character.

THE SKIES ARE BRIGHTENING!

Union Electoral Ticket.

The members of the Republican State Committee, of the North American State Committee, and a portion of the Fillmore Committee, met at Philadelphia on Friday night, and agreed to nominate a Union Electoral Ticket, having 28 names in common, and the 27th to be headed respectively by John C. Fremont and Millard Fillmore, to be voted for by their several friends.

Now for the fight of the 4th!

There were immense crowds counted at Philadelphia at the election, it is said, and several districts were thrown out by the return Judges. Mr. Mann has taken the preliminary steps to contest the election of Mr. Cassidy for District Attorney.

About 68,000 votes were polled in Philadelphia on Tuesday, being nearly 12,000 more than ever polled before. Since the Mayor's election in May last the democratic vote has increased over 5,000, and the opposition over 6,000 votes. The total vote of Philadelphia now exceeds that of New York.

Ohio. The election in Ohio on Tuesday went for the Republicans by an overwhelming majority. It is supposed that 16 Republicans and 5 Democrats are elected to Congress.

Indiana. The accounts are somewhat conflicting; but the probability is that it has gone for the Democrats.

Florida. The last returns from Florida make a majority of 800 for the Democratic Governor. The State is not all heard from yet.

Another Fire in York.—On Tuesday night last, a fire broke out in the alley between Main and King streets, York, in the stable of Granville Hartman, and in a short time 18 buildings, all framed except one, were in flames, presenting a frightful appearance. Six houses and twelve barns and stables were consumed. This fire and the one on the preceding week laid waste a square and a half of buildings. The whole is the work of an incendiary.

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We need some good Hickory Wood, and would be pleased if those who are to furnish us with the article, would do so soon.

The Full Weather.—The fine weather which, with brief interruptions, the country has enjoyed for the last month or more, is worthy of remark even by those who do not rely upon the changes of the barometer for the staple of their conversation. The American fall has been praised as combining the beauties of spring and summer with its own peculiarities, and the praise is not unjustly given. Such glorious weather, such effusive sunshine, such deep blue skies, and such an invigorating atmosphere, filled with incentives to action and making exercise a royal pleasure, is worthy of any amount of panegyric. These pleasant days of Autumn may be appreciated in the city, but it is only in the country they can be thoroughly enjoyed. There nature is assuming her richest livery; and the many colored woods, the pure air touched with the first chill of winter, and the rustling of the wind through the foliage, already crisped by the earliest frost, furnish sights and sounds that compose the mind, while giving animation to the physical energies, and granting to open air exercise the richest return of healthful enjoyment.

What an Objection!—At a recent meeting in South Carolina, Mr. Tombs, of Georgia, delivered a speech, in which he sneered at Col. Fremont as an adventurer and an upstart. What then is democracy? Is it identified with honored ancestry and hereditary fortune? Every man who rises from poverty and obscurity by his own exertions is an upstart and an adventurer. If he were not he would remain obscure. If these be objections to Fremont, they are equally strong against every public man in our history. Lewis Cass was but a Yankee adventurer, who went out into a new country, taught school, edited newspapers, and seized upon any lucky chance of fortune that offered. The same origin had Stephen A. Douglas, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Andrew Jackson, Millard Fillmore, Roger Sherman, Benjamin Franklin, Patrick Henry, and a whole host of others. If such upstarts are to be excluded, and the hereditary families like Floyd, Tombs, etc., preferred, what a brilliant destiny awaits our country! The spirit of aristocratic despotism is the same everywhere. It sneers at the masses as greasy mechanics and vulgar bores, and their great men as adventurers and upstarts.

Accident at Frederick.—We learn from the Frederick (Md.) Union that on Wednesday, at the grounds of the Agricultural Society, a horse which was being driven in a sulkey by Mr. Dunlop became unmanageable, and disengaging himself from his driver ran in among the crowd and over Col. Edward Shriver and Thomas J. Lamar, Esq. Both of these gentlemen were severely bruised, though their injuries are not of a serious character. Mr. Dunlop escaped unscathed.

A Young Lady Drawn in a Lottery. Nearly a year ago, a young lady in France, named Sophie Van Boer, conceived the singular idea of disposing of her fortune by means of a lottery. She was thirty years old, tired of a life of celibacy, and in despair at not finding a husband with enough of means at his command to suit her views. She announced, therefore, that her handmaiden but rather mistress, person should be disposed of on the following terms. She created a lottery, with five hundred shares of a thousand francs each. Subscribers were to present themselves in person, in order that she might decide on their acceptability as a husband. The subscribers, of course, were to be single men. The subscriptions were placed in the hands of a notary as fast as made, and the drawing was not to take place till all the shares were taken—that is when the sum of half a million francs was complete.

Not quite a year elapsed before the shares were all taken. The drawing recently took place in the office of the notary, who held the subscriptions and the money, in the presence of two magistrates. A thousand numbers were placed in an urn, the subscribers being numbered in order as their names were inscribed. The urn was thoroughly shaken up, a blind hand thrust in, and No. 499 withdrawn. The happy individual who subscribed No. 499 was a Turkish General, who had already decapitated the public attention by his oriental caprices. But the lady was neither frightened at the turn, nor the beard, nor the religion, nor the buffoon of the happy barbarian, who hastened to marry her, and to pocket his five hundred thousand francs. The happy couple have left for Tunis, where they will reside.—Paris Cor. N. Y. Times.

Fifty Years in the Penitentiary.—Wm. R. Smith, charged with killing his own son, has been convicted of manslaughter in the first degree by the Circuit Court of Tipton Co., Miss., and sentenced to a term of fifty years in the State prison. Smith is now over seventy years of age, and will, according to the "higher law" of nature, be released by death before the expiration of fifty years.

Export Trade of Chicago.—Thus far since the beginning of the year 1856, there have been exported by lake from Chicago 110,500 barrels of flour, 5,264,440 bushels of wheat and 9,540,000 bushels of corn. Reducing the flour to bushels of wheat would make a total of over fifteen millions bushels of wheat and corn alone; to wit, 16,385,940 bushels. Besides there has been exported a corresponding amount of oats, rye and barley, together with 98,000 barrels of pork, 4,000 bales of wool and 4,000 barrels of tallow. The amount of lumber received here since the first of April last has been over three hundred and seventy millions of feet, besides nearly six millions of shingles and six millions of laths.—Chicago Times.

Thanksgiving Day.—The Governor of Maine has joined with the Governors of Maryland and Missouri in designating the 20th of November as the Thanksgiving day.

OFFICIAL RETURN, ADAMS COUNTY, OCTOBER 14, 1856.									
Total.		Gentryburg.		Corryville.		Corryville.		Corryville.	
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you want to increase the political power of the South, to give her additional votes in the Senate of the United States, on the same basis that you want it for the North, do not want you to extend it. It will not increase the number of slaves, and it increases the political power, and for that reason the North is opposed to it. Well, now, if you expect, on the other hand, Fremont, the Black Republican

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Soldier in Luck.—The New York Mirror says that Recret Major George W. Rogers, whose resignation was announced a few days since, has just married a beautiful girl and a property on the North river, worth half a million of dollars.

Manslaughter.—A gentleman recently died at Stanton, Va., leaving a large property in several States. Prior to his death he had a servant around his house, offering all those who wished to be released from their bondage freedom. Seven chose the latter course. They are now in their way, in company with the executor of the estate, en route for Highland county, Ohio, where they intend to make it their future home.

Snow.—It is stated that the summits of the Blue Ridge and the highlands in Virginia, within sight of the Alexandria and Orange Railroad, were covered with snow on Wednesday.

At Richmond, Va., early on Wednesday morning, there was a sprinkling of snow.—Considerable hail fell the night before.—Passengers by the bay route report a fall of snow at Weldon, N. Carolina, also on Wednesday morning. At Charlottesville, Va., the tops of the houses were covered with snow.

Fifty Years in the Penitentiary.—Wm. B. Smith, charged with killing his own son, has been convicted of manslaughter in the first degree by the Circuit Court of Tappahoe, Miss., and sentenced to a term of fifty years in the State prison. Smith is now over seventy years of age, and will according to the "higher law" of nature, be relieved by death before the expiration of fifty years.

Export Trade of Chicago.—Thus far since the beginning of the year 1876, there have been exported by lake from Chicago 119,569 barrels of flour, 3,264,440 bushels of wheat and 9,549,009 bushels of corn. Reducing the flour to bushels of wheat would make a total of over fifteen millions bushels of wheat and corn alone; in all, 15,385,949 bushels. Besides there has been exported a corresponding amount of oats, rye and barley, together with 28,000 barrels of pork, 4,959 barrels of wool and 4,900 barrels of tallow. The amount of lumber received here since the first of April last has been over three hundred and seventy-two millions of feet, besides ninety-three millions of shingles and sixty-two millions of laths.—*Chicago Times.*

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terminating on the morning of the 5th of November, with a grand howl in chorus. We shall have rumors innumerable of plots to seize upon the government and prevent Fremont from entering the White House. We shall be pelted with bullying resolutions from Southern Legislatures, and by gaseous explosions from Southern orators. Those whose nerves are weak will die twenty deaths in anticipation that the election of Fremont will be the signal for a general civil war. The winds will howl, the storm will rage, and the waves of passion will dash against the rock upon which our nation is founded, but on the morning of the 5th of November, the day after the election, the elements will be calm and placid, the angry waves will have subsided, and people will laugh at the folly of those who thought to bring a free people into the support of an odious candidate and an odious policy, by threats, the absurdity of which will then be transparent.

Thanksgiving Day.—The Governor of Maine has joined with the Governors of Maryland and Missouri in designating the 29th of November as

Professional Cards.

on a few good watches at SAMSON'S.
 P. DRV. - A large assortment of U.M.
 WILLIAMS at all prices, just received
 sale at SAMSON'S.